



badge of JUSTICE

BADGE
OF

No 22

JUSTICE



A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

THANKS FOR THE
EVIDENCE... WE'VE GOT
WHAT WE NEED TO SEND
THIS BIRD TO JAIL!

10¢



GIORDANO



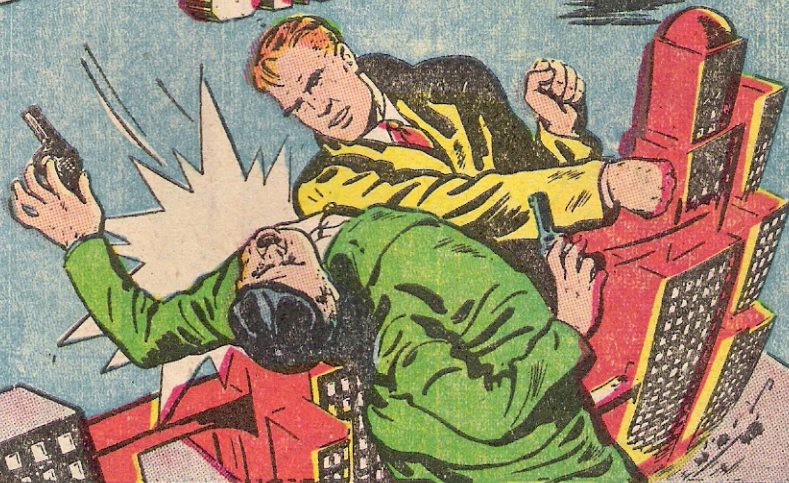
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BADGE OF JUSTICE

CRIME SMASHER

THERE WAS PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1 TO BRING IN, WITH \$50,000 REWARD ON HIS HEAD, BUT CRIME SMASHER COUNTED THE CASES OF THE MISSING RABBIT, THE THREE LITTLE OLD LADIES AND THE WEEPING BLONDE JUST AS IMPORTANT AS

THE TRAPPING OF PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1!



TIME: ONE FINE MORNING... PLACE: THE OFFICES OF CRIME SMASHER, INC....

I STILL CAN'T DIG UP THE NAME OF THAT GUY WHO OWNS THAT BLOODHOUND...

HONESTLY, CRIME SMASHER, NOW I ASK YOU.



HERE KILLER KING IS AT LARGE, PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1 NO LESS, WITH A \$50,000 REWARD ON HIS HEAD---

I KNOW. I'LL HAVE TO NAB HIM.

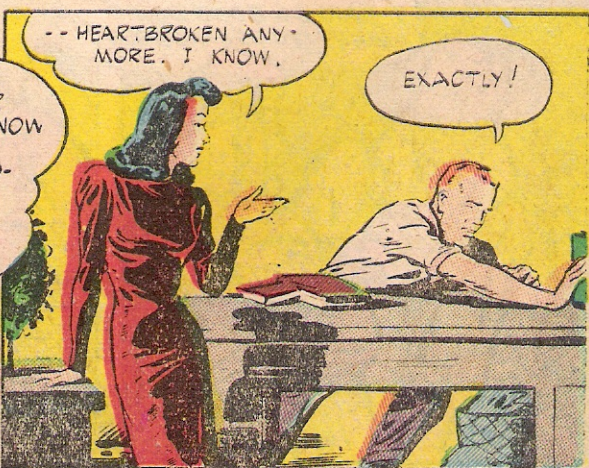
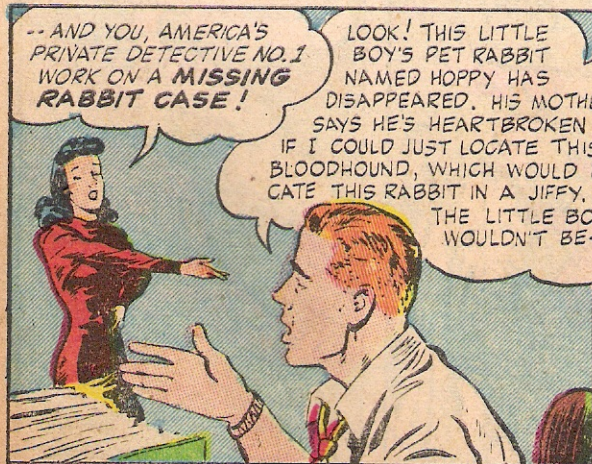


-- AND YOU, AMERICA'S PRIVATE DETECTIVE NO.1 WORK ON A MISSING RABBIT CASE!

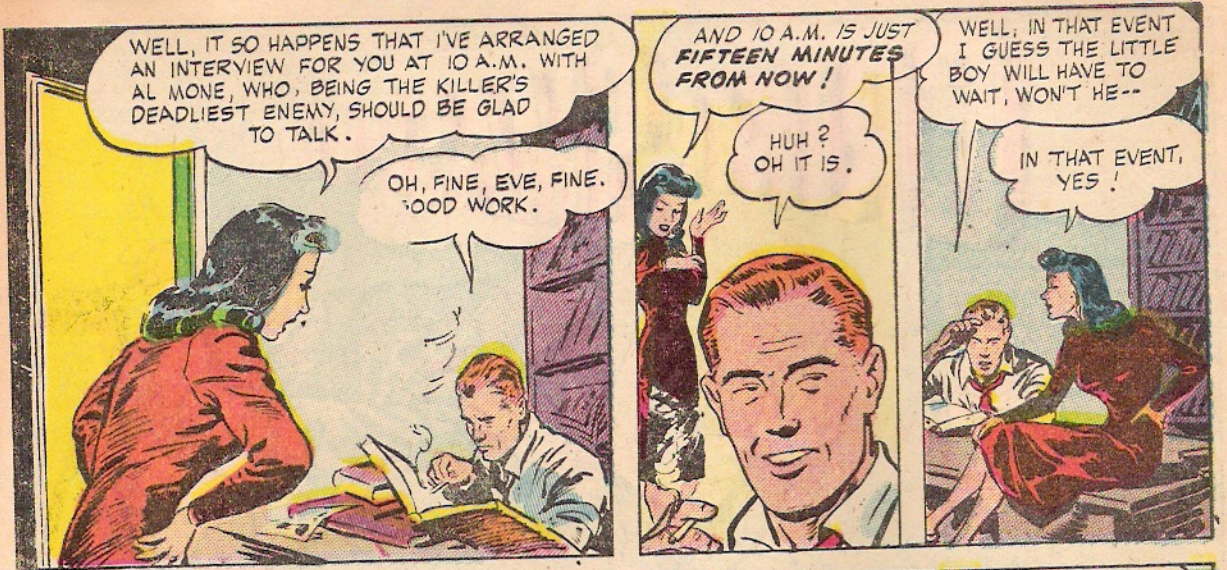
LOOK! THIS LITTLE BOY'S PET RABBIT NAMED HOPPY HAS DISAPPEARED. HIS MOTHER SAYS HE'S HEARTBROKEN. NOW IF I COULD JUST LOCATE THIS BLOODHOUND, WHICH WOULD LOCATE THIS RABBIT IN A JIFFY. THE LITTLE BOY WOULDN'T BE--

-- HEARTBROKEN ANY MORE. I KNOW.

EXACTLY!



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THERE'S ONE CHANGE, WITH THEM OPPOSITE EACH OTHER LIKE THAT--



I SAID, MR. C. WHERE DO YOU...

WANT IT? I DON'T WANT IT, MR. MONE!



I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT!

BLAST HIM!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT THESE SIDE EXITS WERE FOR!

YOU FOOL! YOU SHOT ME! ... STOP HIM!

YOU MEAN YOU SHOT ME!



AND THAT'S THAT! NOW TO PICK UP ANOTHER GUN!



AND SOON ...

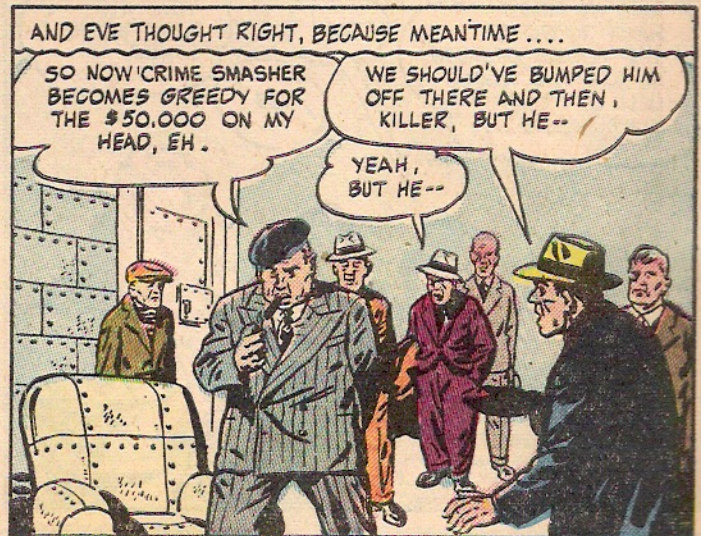
OH, HELLO, CRIME SMASHER!

GREETINGS! I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THAT FINE INTERVIEW YOU ARRANGED FOR ME!



DID--- DID EVERYTHING WORK OUT ALL RIGHT?

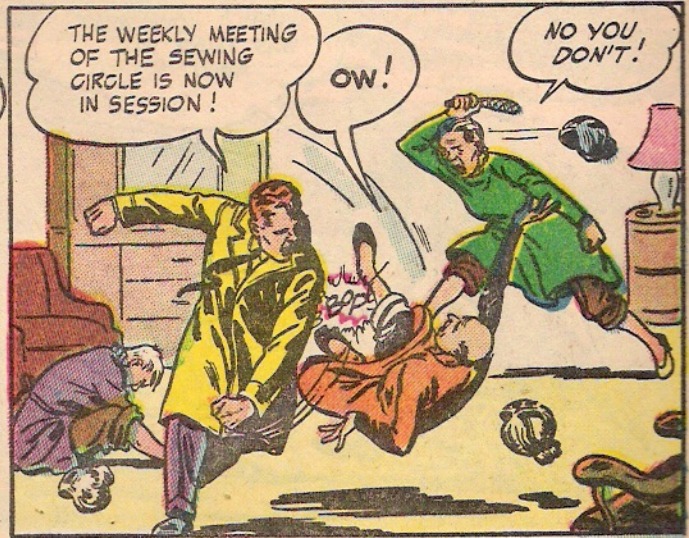
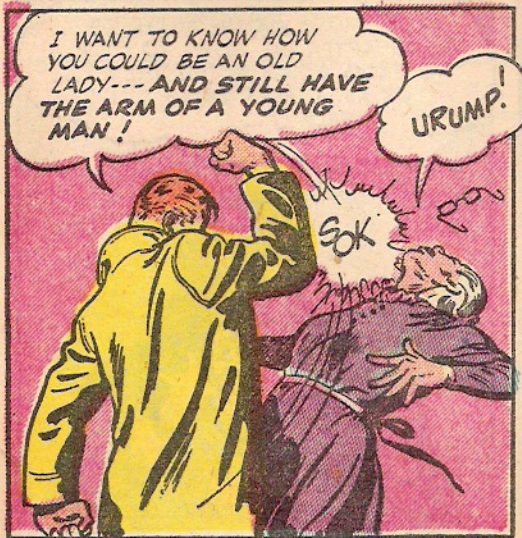
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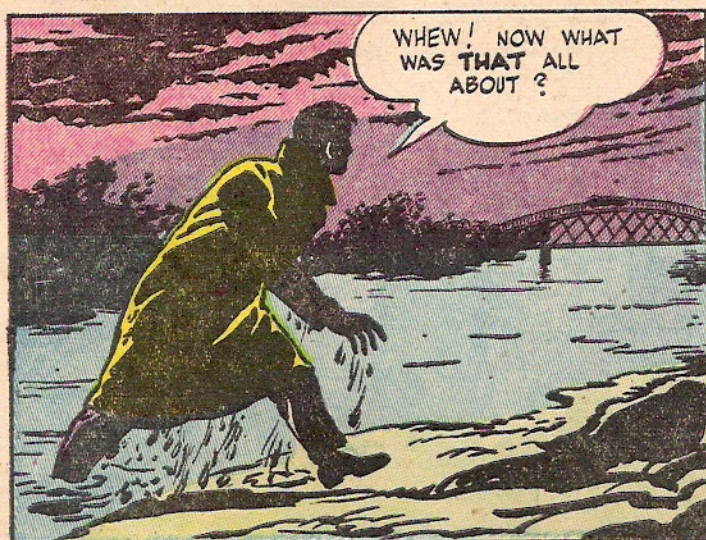
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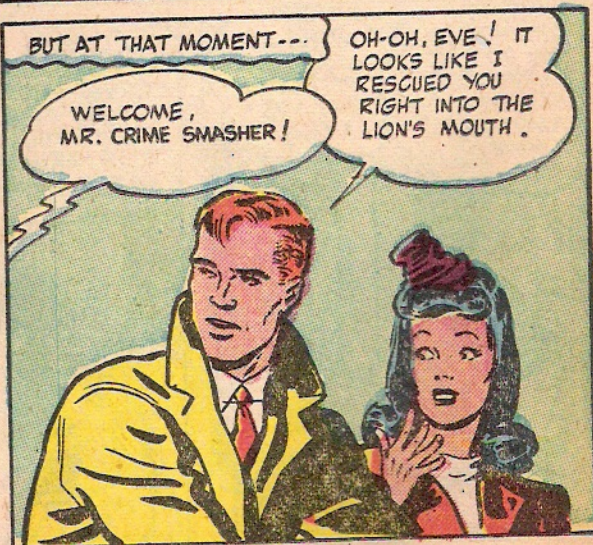
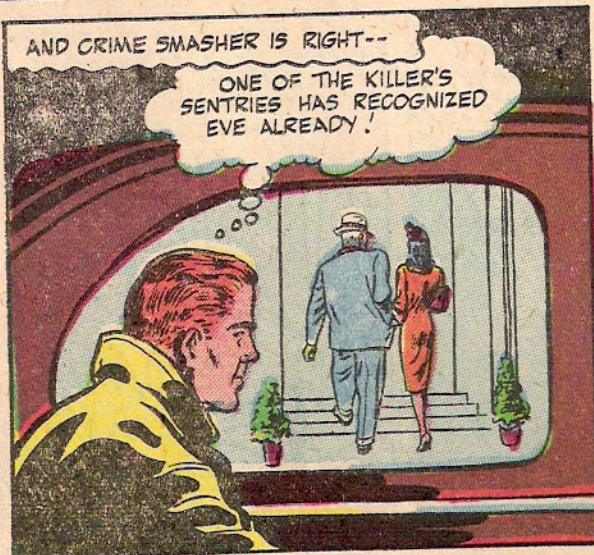
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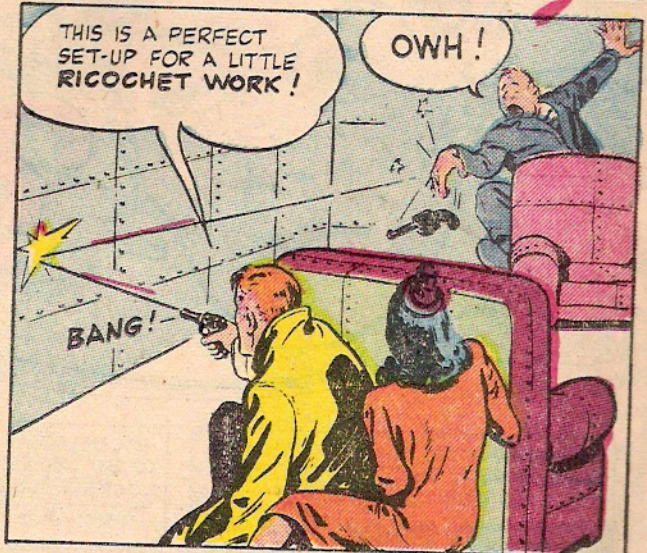
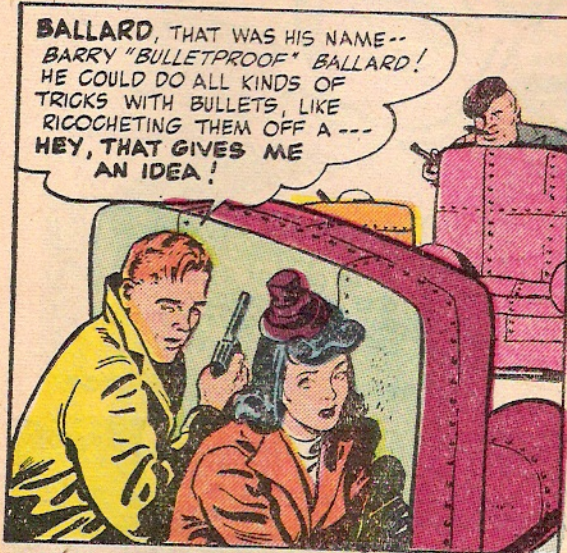
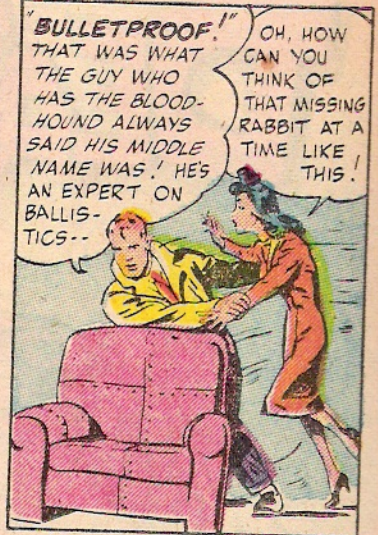
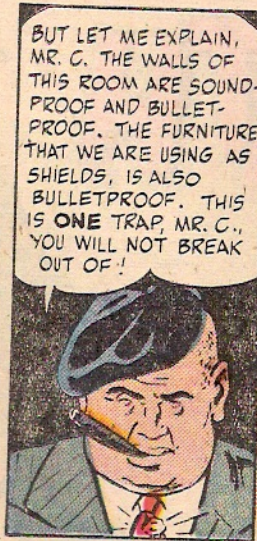
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BADGE OF JUSTICE

DEATH BY GAS!

EVERY CRIMINAL MAKES A MISTAKE. HE WANTS TO COMMIT A PERFECT CRIME. IF THE LAW IS CAREFUL AND DILIGENT IT CAN ALWAYS GET IT'S MAN.

MISS DELANEY, I THINK WE SHOULD TELL THEM ABOUT ARNOLD LEE AND HIS WIFE.

?

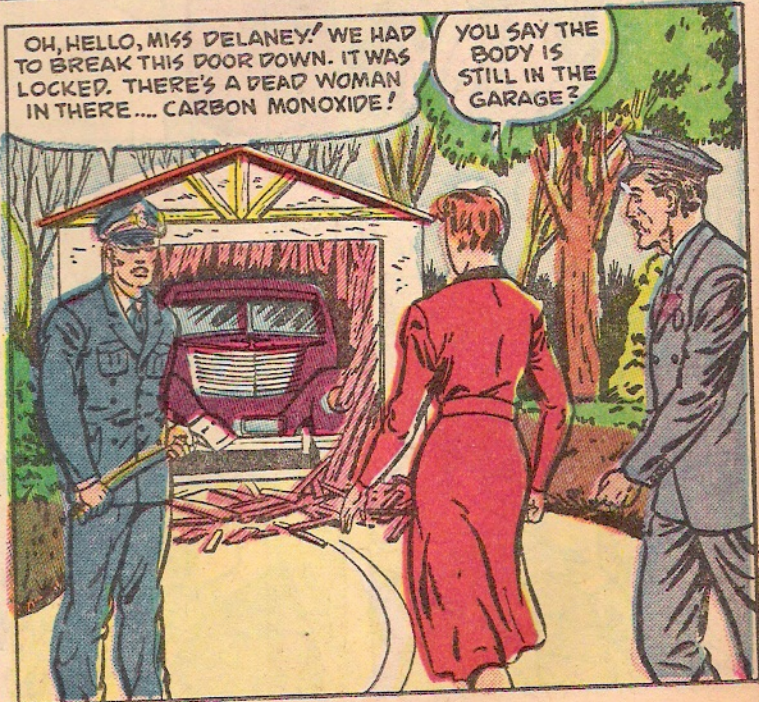
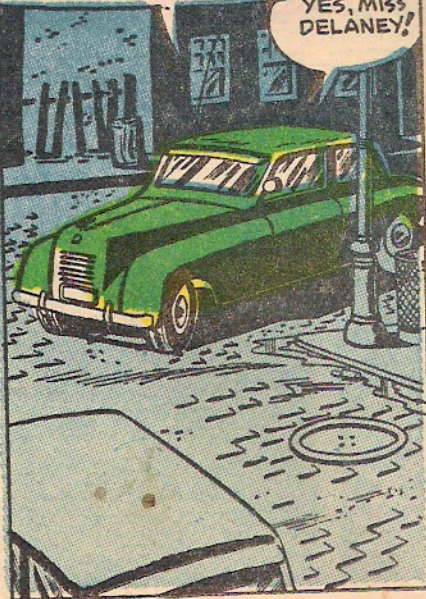
MATCH WITS WITH FRANCES DELANEY, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, IN THE CASE OF **DEATH BY GAS**. HER BODYGUARD, PATROLMAN JAMES RILEY WILL BE PRESENT.

I'M WANTED AT 2379 SPRING AVENUE. AN APPARENT SUICIDE, RILEY. BETTER DRIVE ME THERE AT ONCE!

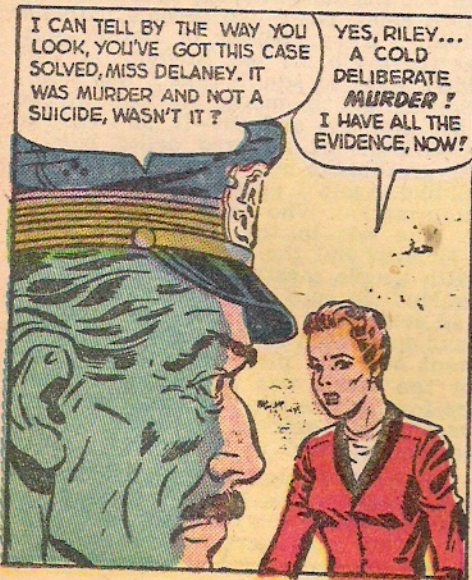
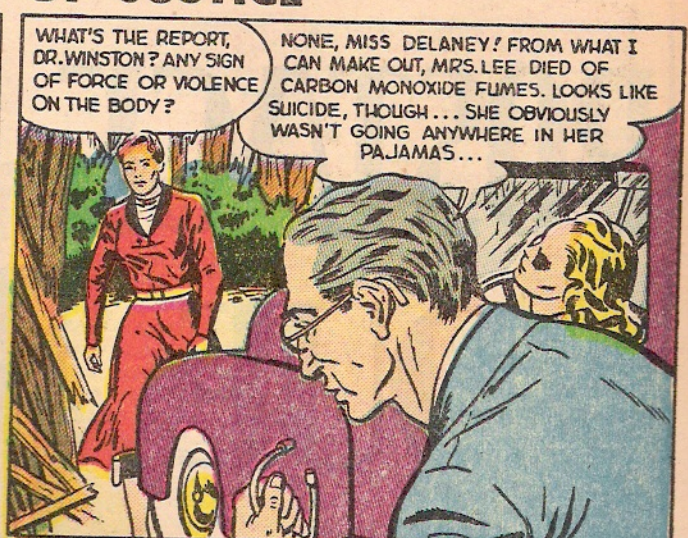
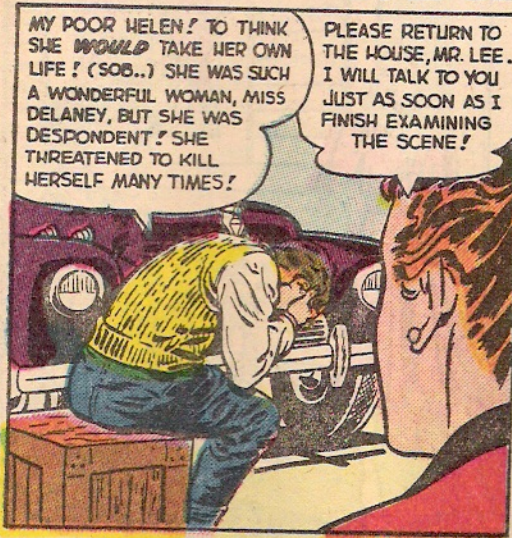
YES, MISS DELANEY!

OH, HELLO, MISS DELANEY! WE HAD TO BREAK THIS DOOR DOWN. IT WAS LOCKED. THERE'S A DEAD WOMAN IN THERE.... CARBON MONOXIDE!

YOU SAY THE BODY IS STILL IN THE GARAGE?

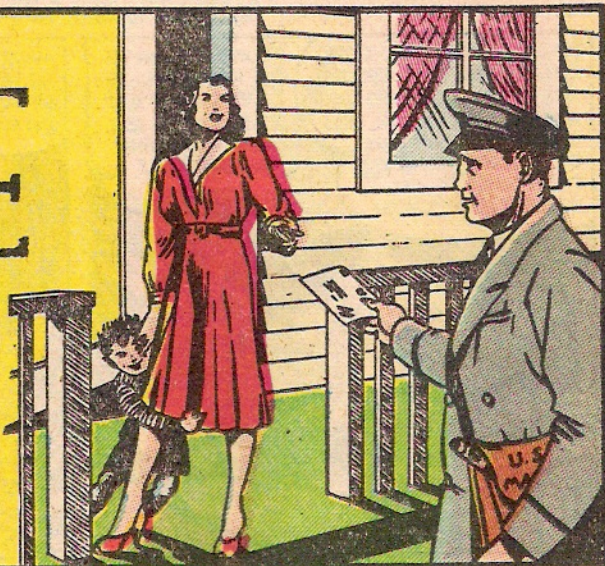


BADGE OF JUSTICE



BADGE OF JUSTICE

POSTAGE DUE.



IT IS a much publicized fact, that almost every criminal sooner or later makes a fatal slip which lands him behind prison bars. One of the oddest cases of my long career as a police detective only tends to prove the truism of this much abused axiom.

Harry Kobler was a pleasant man of about fifty. He had a good-looking wife, two children and a neat home with a car in the garage. For fifteen years he had kept books for a large concern. He had no criminal record or bad habits and was a well liked, respected member of the community.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Let's start from the beginning. It was a cool, sunny day. We had just marched into Rome and the airwaves were crammed with invasion news. D-day had come and we were clustered around the radio, when the chief sent me over to Hillard Bros. \$20,000—in good American currency had disappeared without a trace. When I got to the company, a cantankerous old man blustered about the office, yelling at everybody in sight and making a general nuisance of himself. It took me quite a while to make head or tail out of his rambling statement. It all simmered down to the fact that two bundles of crisp, new hundred dollar bills had mysteriously vanished from the premises. The money had arrived shortly after lunchtime and old Hillard had handed the notes to Barat, his cashier. Hillard wanted to go on, but I said I'd prefer to hear from Barat what happened next. Hillard felt highly insulted and said so in a thousand words. I left him and went out looking for the cashier. A peach of a girl took me to the main office and introduced me to Barat. He was still in a funk. Barat was a tall beanpole of a man. He had the annoying habit of cracking his knuckles and his Adams apple jumped up and down his scrawny neck as he stammered precise answers to my questions. I knew Barat thought everybody suspected him of having taken the money. This made him belligerent and unco-operative. I tried my best to calm him down, but soon gave it up as a bad job. To put it in a nutshell: Barat had taken the money from Hillard and brought it into his office. There he had laid it on his desk, signed a few urgent letters and

just as he was about to put the moolah into the safe, Hillard had called him. Well, you can't keep the big boss waiting, so he covered the two bundles with a letter. When he came back a few minutes later the letter was still there, but the cash had vanished!

It was nearly five when I finished my preliminary interrogations. Here are the facts I'd been able to establish beyond a reasonable doubt: from the time the money arrived until I permitted the personnel to go home, NO ONE had left the building. Each and everyone of the 64 employees voluntarily submitted to a search before they went their way. We found nothing, nor did a fairly thorough going over of the premises reveal a suitable hiding place. Most of the 18 office workers had been with the company for many years and Hillard himself, despite all his abusive bellowing, considered them above suspicion.

After everybody except Hillard and Barat had gone I had another talk with the two. Both had calmed down a bit, but I had become irritable. Maybe Hillard's bossy attitude or Barat's stut-tering was too much for me. Anyhow, at that time I didn't want to admit, that I was sorely puzzled. Nobody had the money on them, no one had left the premises and yet—it isn't easy to hide two packages of hundred dollar bills! I figured the greenbacks must still be somewhere in the building. Again I pressed Barat for more detailed information. Who knew of the money's presence? Who was in the office while Barat was with Hillard? But the nervous cashier grew touchy. With people constantly coming and going he couldn't be sure of anybody. I realized then, I had come to a dead end. I left the two old men and went back to the main office. Once more I went over the place with a fine tooth comb, but the result was the same, nothing! During the four or five minutes Barat had been away, someone had grabbed the cash, hidden it and calmly returned to his routine duties.

Before I gave up, I asked Barat what became of the letter with which he had covered the money. He thought for a moment and then said, that Kobler must have taken it. He had signed all the correspondence and it was ready for mailing.

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I seldom play hunches, because these things happen only in story books. But, I suddenly felt I hadn't paid enough attention to the meek little bookkeeper. He certainly had the knowledge as well as the opportunity. The fact that he was a trusted employee and had been with the firm for over fifteen years, meant nothing to me. I had a hunch that Kobler was my man and I intended to play it to the hilt. I didn't take Hillard or Barat into my confidence and rather lamely assured Hillard that everything in our power would be done to find the money. I took my leave and went straight to Elmhurst. A few hours of diligent inquiry about the Koblers gave little support to my suspicion. Kobler had lived in the neighborhood for the past 12 years. As far as was known, he had no family troubles or debts. His son had been killed in action somewhere in Italy and his daughter was a Wave, stationed at Norfolk, Va. His small stucco house was neat, the lawn and tiny victory garden well tended. All in all he presented the most unlikely suspect. And yet, despite the mounting evidence to the contrary, I was convinced he took the money.

I spent the following day investigating some of the other office workers. They were good, solid citizens with not a mark against them. Rita Mowrer could have been suspect number one, had she not been sick that day. She had served two terms for shoplifting.

I was dog tired when I finally quit and returned to headquarters to make out my report. I had put a man on Kobler, but the pen-pusher had behaved normally, which, for some unexplained reason, I had expected. Nevertheless, it made me so sore, I hardly slept a wink that night.

The next morning the chief called me into his office and showed me a report which had come over the teletype during the night. The wife of a shipyard worker had turned over 200 crisp hundred dollar bills to the police of Englewood, N. J.

I drove immediately to Englewood, whose chief of police was a good friend of mine. Together we visited Mrs. Tanner, a pretty woman who seemed glad to have the chance to repeat her story. In the late afternoon mail she had received a large envelope marked: "insufficient postage". She had left it on the hall table, intending to ask her hubby about it. She had forgotten about the letter and when she put the kids to sleep, Mrs. Tanner found them playing with hundred dollar bills! The children had taken the envelope and played post office. She gathered the bills together and called the police.

I had seen the envelope. It was of heavy manila paper such as is generally used by stamp dealers in mailing approvals to prospective customers. It was addressed to Jose Vargas in Santiago, Chile, the return address read: Michael Tanner, 45 Harrison Street, Englewood, N. J. both neatly typed.

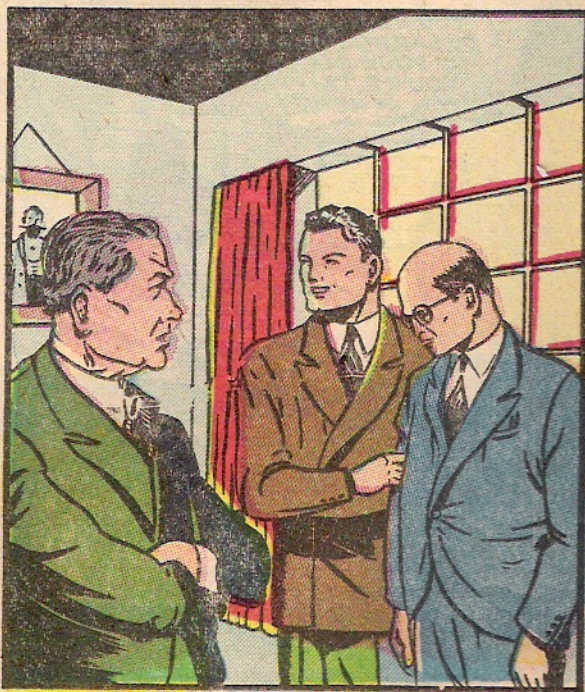
Although I was positive I had stumbled upon Hillard Bros.' missing cash, for the moment I was too blind to see the connection. I was already on the street, when everything fell into place. I knew who had taken the money and how it was done. I rushed back to Mrs. Tanner and asked her to give me the names of all her relatives and closest friends. And on top of

her list of friends was the name of Harry Kobler!

That afternoon I arrested Kobler. He denied everything at first. But when I confronted him with the evidence: the addresses on the manila envelope were typed on his office machine and the fingerprints on it and on the money were unquestionably his, he broke down and confessed. My bluff had worked. Of course there were no clear prints on the envelope or the money, the children had seen to that, but I didn't tell him that.

Kobler had become embittered since the death of his son. His meager salary hardly covered the high cost of wartime living and left nothing for his beloved hobby, stamp collecting. Seeing everybody around him making plenty of money and spending most of it, Kobler could not resist the temptation, when he saw a chance to make an easy \$20,000. When he fetched the letter from Barat's desk he also took the money, put it in the envelope he always kept handy for swapping stamps with collectors in distant lands and threw it with the other letters into the firm's mailbox. He didn't have time to figure the correct postage so he put all the stamps he had on him on the envelope, hoping it would be enough. The South American address was fictitious, of course. Harry knew it would take many weeks for the letter to come back. Besides he took the additional precaution of giving the name of his best friend as the sender. After the hubbub had died down, he had plenty of time to tell Tanner to hold the envelope for him when it finally came back from its futile journey.

To think that the money was there all the time I turned the office upside down, gave me the shivers. A few cents postage, a child's desire to play United States Mail and the honesty of a good woman crushed the promising career of a clever criminal before it had really started.



BADGE OF JUSTICE

The HOUDINI of CRIME

DESARRO-- THE HOUDINI OF CRIME! GUNMEN AND KILLERS SPOKE OF HIM WITH AWE AND DREAD! POLICE DENOUNCED HIM AS THE MOST VICIOUS-- MOST RUTHLESS AND EVASIVE CRIMINAL IN A DECADE!

COME AND GET ME, COPPERS!

BANG

BANG BANG

YOU'RE FINISHED, DESARRO! PUT UP YOUR GUNS! YOU'RE TRAPPED IN HERE!

POLICE GUNFIRE RIPPED LIVID WHITE SCARS IN THE DARKENING NIGHT! THE PURSUED CAR SWERVED WITH RECKLESS ABANDON AND SNAKED THROUGH THE HAZARDOUS TRAFFIC!

NO, HOLD YOUR FIRE! WE CAN'T CHANCE HITTING ANY BYSTANDERS! JUST KEEP ON HIS TAIL!



BADGE OF JUSTICE



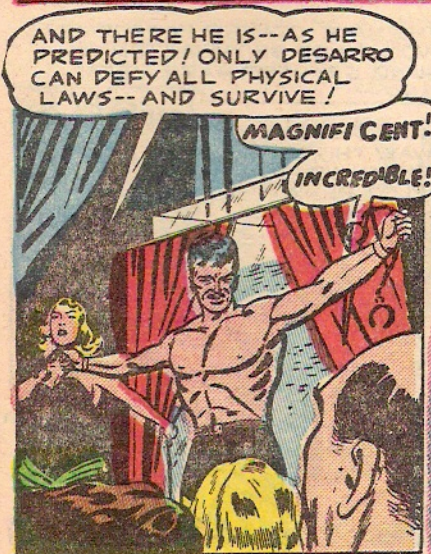
THEY'LL NEVER GET ME! I HAVEN'T BEEN AN ESCAPE ARTIST ALL MY LIFE FOR NOTHING!

ESCAPE ARTIST! THE WORDS RESOUNDED IN HIS FEVER HEIGHTENED BRAIN, AS FLEETINGLY HE RECALLED THE ADULATION OF HIS LAST AUDIENCE AND THE INCIDENT THAT LED TO THIS CRITICAL MOMENT!



IT IS THREE MINUTES NOW, THAT THE GREAT DESARRO HAS BEEN SUBMERGED IN THE WATER--- BOUND AND HANDCUFFED!

HE'LL DROWN FOR SURE!



AND THERE HE IS--AS HE PREDICTED! ONLY DESARRO CAN DEFY ALL PHYSICAL LAWS-- AND SURVIVE!

MAGNIFICENT!

INCREDIBLE!



THEY WERE IMPRESSED, NORA-- BUT I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN IM-- DON'T, PRESSING YOU! NICKY.



OH, IT'S COLLIER RICHARDS, THAT THEATRE OWNER, AGAIN, IS IT? HE'S NOT MORE GENEROUS THAN I!

IT'S NOT A MATTER OF GENEROSITY, NICKY! STOP-- YOU'RE HURTING ME!



LISTEN, HE'S SMALL-TIME COMPARED TO THE PLANS I'VE GOT. STICK WITH ME AND YOU'LL BE WEARING JEWELS FOR COAT BUTTONS! I'LL BE BACK BEFORE THE NEXT PERFORMANCE, AND SHOW YOU!



BURNING WITH A FIERCE RESENTMENT, THE BRAGGING, ARROGANT PERFORMER TOOK DESPERATE MEASURES ONLY AN HOUR LATER.

IT WAS CONVENIENT, HAVING THE JEWELRY STORE SO CLOSE TO THE THEATRE! THE SAFE HASN'T BEEN MADE THAT COULDN'T BE OPENED BY THE GREAT DESARRO! NOW--

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IT'S OPENED, BUT I SET OFF THE ALARM SYSTEM! GOT TO CLEAR OUT OF HERE FAST!

HE GRABBED THE GLITTERING GEMS! AND WITH THE STEALTH AND AGILITY OF A CAT, HE BOUNDED OUT THE BACK DOOR INTO THE THEATRE, EVEN AS A CRY OF ALARM WENT OUT! THEN---



NICKY-- WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE JEWELS?

NEVER MIND THAT! THEY'RE FOR YOU, BABY! NOW GET READY TO CLEAR OUT OF HERE! WE'RE LEAVING TOGETHER!



NO! NO! I CAN'T GO AWAY WITH YOU! I'M MARRIED TO COLLIER! I WAS AFRAID TO TELL YOU! I'VE KEPT IT A SECRET FOR THREE WEEKS!

WHAT? Y-YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!



YOU'RE COMING WITH ME! THAT'S THE WAY I FIGURED IT- AND THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING TO BE!

HEY!- GET YOUR HANDS OFF NORA! SHE'S MY WIFE NOW!

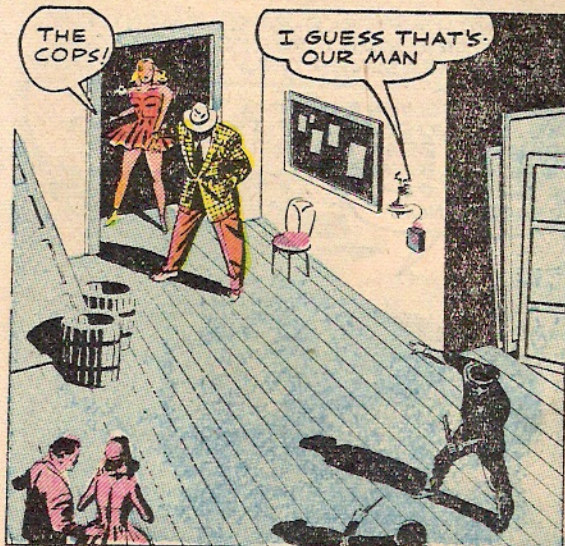
THE HATE-CRAZED PERFORMER WOULD NOT BE THWARTED! HIS HAND GRASPED HARD METAL, AND---



NOBODY GETS IN MY WAY! THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO PLOT BEHIND MY BACK!

EEEEEE!

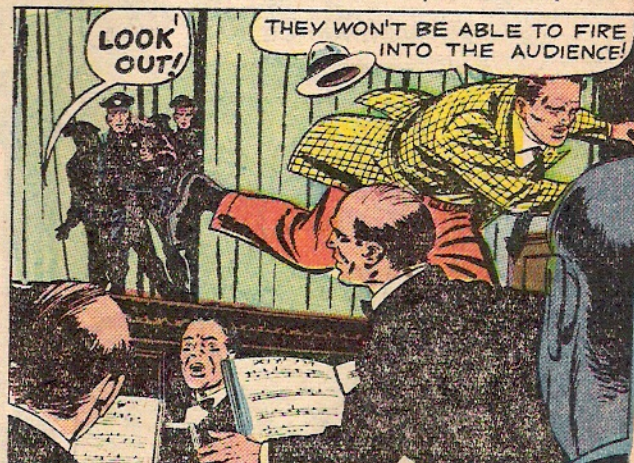
BANG! BANG!



THE COPS!

I GUESS THAT'S OUR MAN

THE LAW CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL, DESARRO ABANDONED THE SOBBING TREMBLING NORA AND RAN ACROSS THE STAGE! THEN, HE LEAPED!



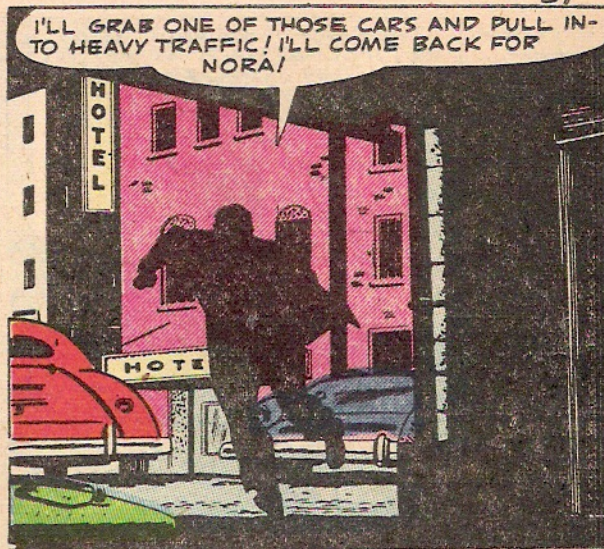
LOOK OUT!

THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO FIRE INTO THE AUDIENCE!

BADGE OF JUSTICE



GET AROUND THE OUTSIDE AND CUT HIM OFF!



I'LL GRAB ONE OF THOSE CARS AND PULL INTO HEAVY TRAFFIC! I'LL COME BACK FOR NORA!

A DEFT MANIPULATION OF HIS FINGERS AND THE IGNITION WAS ON! THE HEAVY TRAFFIC WAS A MOMENTARY SHIELD-- BUT THEN THE CHASE WAS ON! NOW, SUDDENLY-- AS A STRUCTURE LOOMED AHEAD-- DESARRO'S MIND SNAPPED BACK TO THE HAZARDOUS PRESENT!



I'M HEADING ACROSS THE BRIDGE! GOT TO STEP DOWN ALL THE WAY NOW, SO I'M NOT HELD AT THE OTHER END IF THEY RADIO AHEAD!

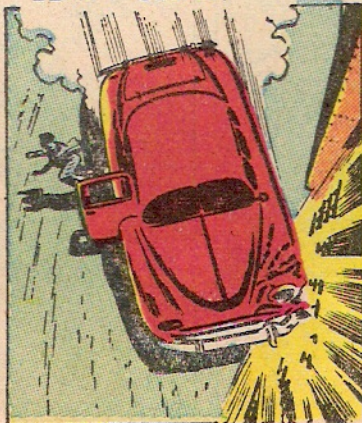


THE TRAFFIC'S THINNER HERE! LET HIM HAVE IT AT HIS TIRES!



I GOT HIM, ED! HIS REAR OUTSIDE TIRE BLEW!

THE CAR AHEAD SKIPPED OUT OF CONTROL AND HEADED TOWARD THE BRIDGE RAILING! AT THE LAST INSTANT--A FIGURE LEAPT CLEAR!



THEY'VE STOPPED! AND THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY ON FOOT! THERE'S STILL A WAY TO GET OUT OF THEIR REACH!

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BREATHING HEAVILY, HIS EYES CLOUDED WITH PANIC... DESARRO MOVED WITH THE CUNNING OF A CORNERED RAT. DE- FYING GRAVITY, HE STARTED UP THE BARE SURFACE OF THE BRIDGE STRUC- TURE!

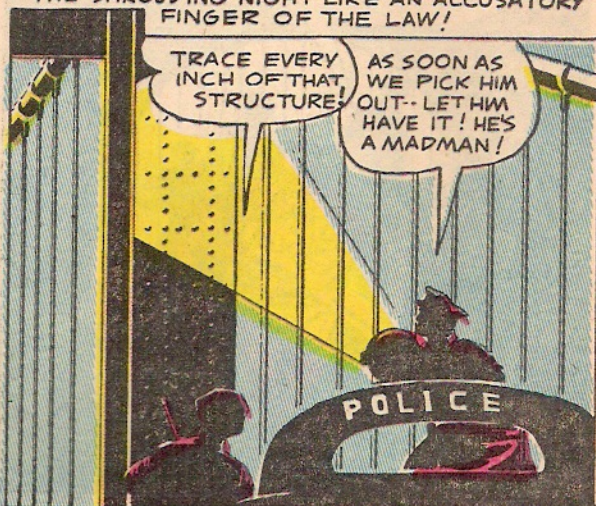
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO GET A CLEAR SHOT AT ME WITH THIS STEEL FRAME- WORK IN THE WAY!



SECONDS LATER, A LIGHT BEAM PIERCED THE SHROUDING NIGHT LIKE AN ACCUSATORY FINGER OF THE LAW!

TRACE EVERY INCH OF THAT STRUCTURE!

AS SOON AS WE PICK HIM OUT- LET HIM HAVE IT! HE'S A MADMAN!



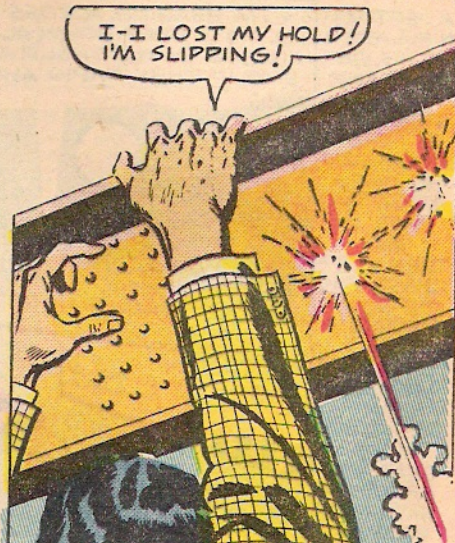
THERE HE IS!



UH- MY HEAD! IT JUST GRAZED ME

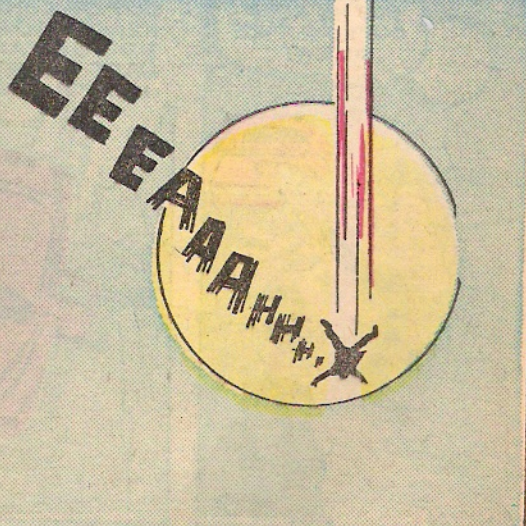


I-I LOST MY HOLD! I'M SLIPPING!



HE GRABBED OUT IN DES- PERATION AND HIS FINGERS CLUTCHED THE COLD UNYIELD- ING STEEL FRAME- WORK! BUT HIS FLESH WAS YIELDING AND HE STRAINED WITH EVERY LAST RE- SOURCE TO RETAIN HIS PER- ILOUS HOLD.

I-I CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER M-MY FINGERS ARE WEAKENING!



BADGE OF JUSTICE

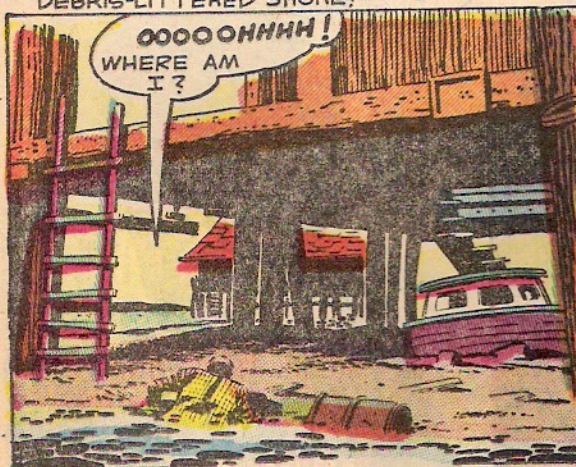
BUT EVEN AS HE HUR-
TLED THROUGH
SPACE-WITH
A SUPER-
HUMAN EFFORT
HE MANAGED
TO CURVE
HIS BODY
AND CUP
HIS EARS
AGAINST
THE FIERCE
PRESSURE!
THE YEARS
OF DEATH-
DEFYING
STUNTING
HAD IN-
STINCTIVELY
COME INTO
PLAY!



BLACKNESS VEILED HIS CON-
SCIOUSNESS FOR A FRACTIONAL
INSTANT! BUT AS HIS PLUMMETING
BODY STRUCK THE WATER WITH A
BONE-SHATTERING IMPACT, HIS
SENSES HAD ALERTED HIM.



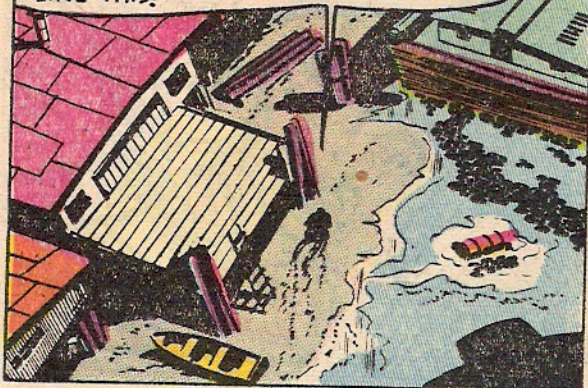
BUT AS THE THICK MIST OF EARLY MORNING
DISPERSED OVER THE RIVER HOURS LATER--
A BATTERED FIGURE ROUSED ITSELF ON THE
DEBRIS-LITTERED SHORE!



BADGE OF JUSTICE

HE DRAGGED HIMSELF FORWARD! AND THE AGONY OF HIS EFFORT WAS EXCRUCIATING, KNIFING EACH NERVE WITH PAIN!

T-THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY BACK, TOO! I-I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER LIKE THIS!



THAT BARGE! IF ONLY I COULD MAKE IT TO THERE!



FOR A TORTUROUS HOUR AND A HALF DE SARRO MOVED LIKE AN EARTHWORM ACROSS THE FIFTY YARDS TO THE BARGE. AND AT LAST---

MAN-YOU'RE BADLY HURT! I'LL GET THE POLICE AND AN AMBULANCE.

NO-NO! I DON'T WANT THEM!

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE THEM! YOU'LL DIE!

DON'T LEAVE THIS CABIN!



COME BACK, I SAY! COME BACK!

WITH A COLD, PRIMITIVE BESTIALITY THE BATTERED FUGITIVE FLUNG THE BLADE! IT WAS FIENDISHLY ACCURATE!

YAHNN!

NOW I'VE GOT TO CARE FOR MYSELF! I-I CAN'T STAND THE PAIN—MUCH LONGER!



BADGE OF JUSTICE

THE URGE FOR SELF-PRESERVATION WAS STRONG...INCREDIBLY STRONG! HIS TWISTED INGENIOUS MIND MINISTERED TO HIS CRUSHED AND ACHING BODY. PRESENTLY---

I-I-VE SET THE ARM AND LEG AS BEST I COULD! A FEW MORE TURNS OF THIS RIPPED SHEET NOW!



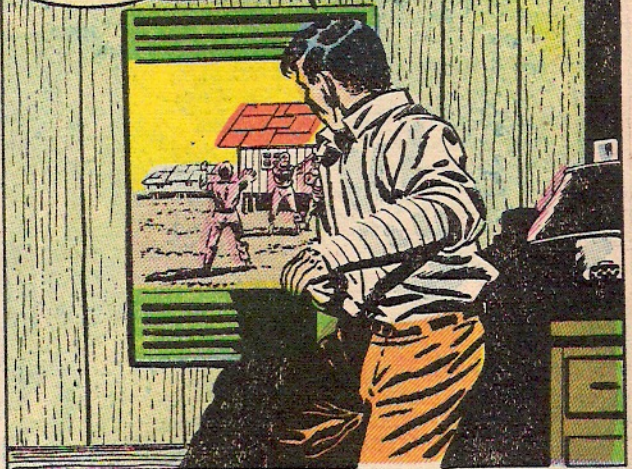
N-NOW TO REST - AAAHHH!

HE SANK INTO MERCIFUL UNCONSCIOUSNESS. AND FOR LONG HOURS, HE LAY WRITHING DELIRIOUSLY UPON THE HARD BUNK. WHEN HE OPENED HIS EYES ---

I-I'M BURNING UP WITH FEVER! IT MUST BE INFECTION SETTING IN! GANGRENE WOULD KILL ME! GOT TO GET SOMEONE TO HELP ME!



AND I KNOW JUST THE ONE! I'LL WRITE A NOTE AND-- AND GET ONE OF THOSE KIDS TO DELIVER IT!



JUST ENOUGH WORDS TO MAKE HIM COME HERE--! THAT OUGHT TO DO IT!



HEY, JERRY! THAT GUYS CALLING YOU!

OKAY, MISTER, BE RIGHT THERE!



D- DELIVER THIS NOTE TO THE ADDRESS ON IT! HERE'S A DOLLAR! THERE'LL BE ANOTHER FOR YOU WHEN YOU DO IT!

GEE-TWO BUCKS! THANKS, MISTER! I'LL SURE DO IT IN A JIFFY AND BE BACK!



BADGE OF JUSTICE

AN HOUR WENT BY- AND THEN ANOTHER, WITH NO RESPONSE TO HIS MESSAGE! THEN SUD- DENLY- A BIG, HULKING FIGURE LOOMED IN THE DOORWAY!

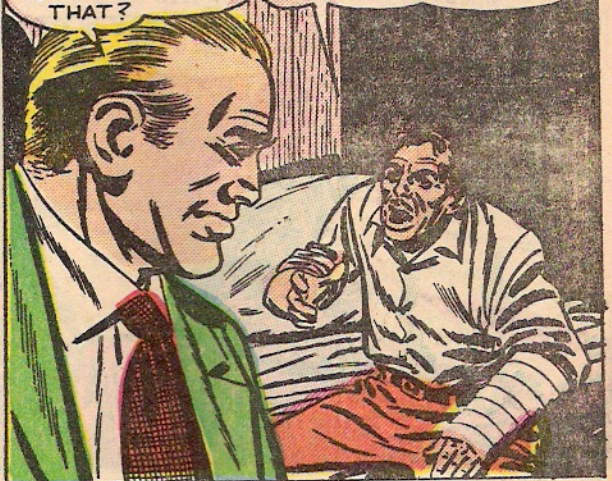


NICKY! W-WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU?

NOT NICKY ANY MORE - SINCE OUR CARNY DAYS TOGETHER, BURT! DE-SARRO NOW! I'M BADLY HURT! I'VE GOT TO GET SOME DRUGS! - WITHOUT A PRE-SCRIPTION! LOTS OF PENICILLIN OR THE MYCIN DRUGS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HOW WOULD I DO THAT?

BREAK INTO SOME PHARMACY AND GET IT!



ROBBERY? NO-I WON'T DO THAT!

DON'T NO ME WHAT DO YOU THINK I CALLED YOU FOR?

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN THAT CRAZY TEMPER OF YOURS GOT THE BEST OF YOU AT THE CARNY AND YOU KILLED THAT MAN! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS!



BUT I'M A MARRIED MAN, NOW-- I SETTLED DOWN! WE HAVE A KID OF OUR OWN!



YOU GET ME THOSE DRUGS, OR I'LL GET YOU NABBED FOR MURDER!

OKAY-- I'LL GET YOU THE DRUGS



AND SO THE TROUBLED AND BE- WILDERED BURT

KASHUCK BROUGHT DESARRO THE DRUGS! STILL ACT- ING UNDER THREAT HE BROUGHT HIM FOOD AND TEND- ED HIM FOR SEV- ERAL WEEKS. DESARRO RECOVERED GRADUALLY, BUT HE WAS A BENT AND MISSHAPEN MAN. ONE

WELL-I'LL SOON HAVE THIS SPLINT OFF MY LEG! THEY COULDN'T KILL ME OFF AFTER ALL! NOW I GOT TO HAVE A WAY TO GET ME SOME REAL DOUGH! I'M FINISHED FOR THE STAGE!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

YOU SOLVED THAT FOR ME! WHEN YOU TOLD ME HOW EASY IT WAS TO LIFT THOSE ANTI-BIOTICS! THOSE DRUGS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE IF WE CAN GET ENOUGH OF THEM! IT'S A NEW RACKET!

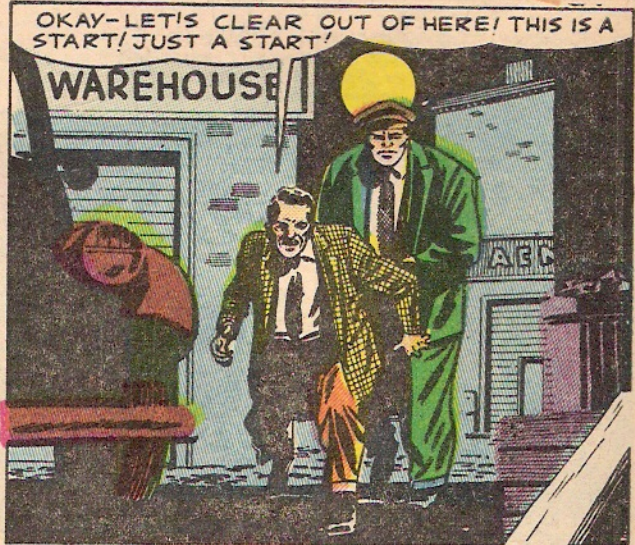


BADGE OF JUSTICE

WITH HIS EVIL TENTACLES SUNK VICIOUSLY DEEP, DESARRO BENT BURT KASHUK TO HIS WILL. HE HAD HIM STEAL A TRUCK, AND SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT---



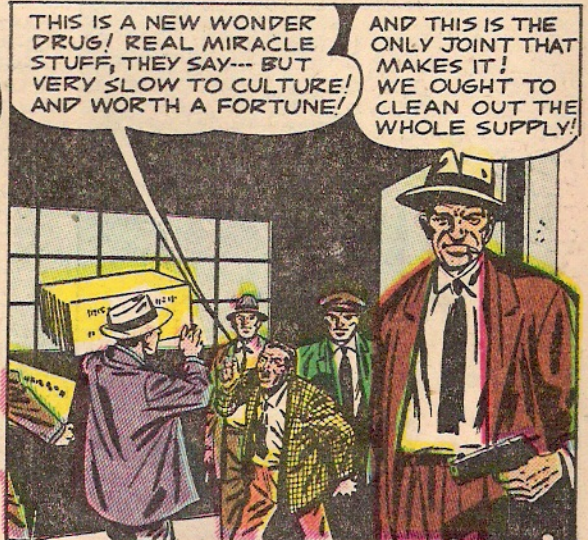
NOT THE WAY I PLANNED THIS! THIS IS A NEAT HAUL! ON THE BLACK MARKET IN EUROPE THIS PENICILLIN OUGHT TO GET A SMALL FORTUNE! AND THERE ARE WAYS TO GET IT THERE!



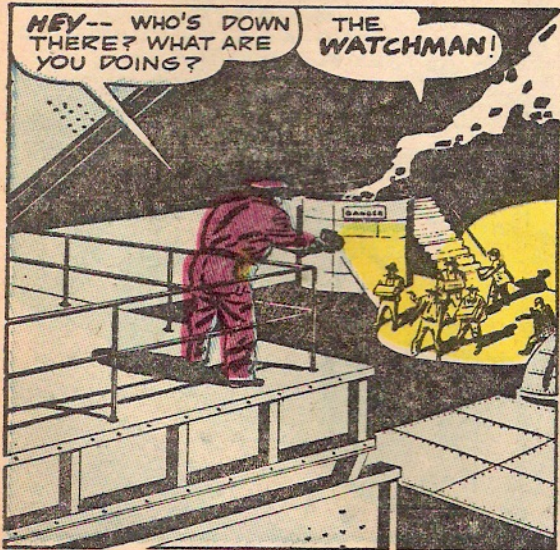
AND FROM THEN ON DESARRO STRUCK FAST AND HARD! WORD OF HIS RACKET SPREAD IN UNDERWORLD CHANNELS, AND SOON--A DOZEN HARPENED CRIMINALS JOINED HIM. ONE OF THEIR HAULS WAS IN A LARGE PHARMACEUTICAL LABORATORY!



WHAT IS THIS STUFF ANYWAY? THIS JOINT SMELLS LIKE AN EMBALMER'S!



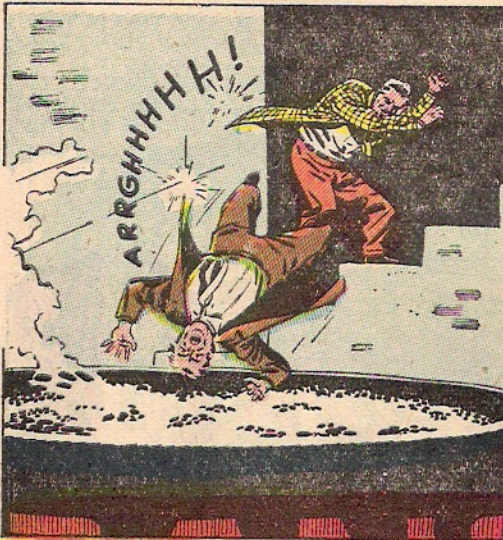
AND THIS IS THE ONLY JOINT THAT MAKES IT! WE OUGHT TO CLEAN OUT THE WHOLE SUPPLY!



THE WATCHMAN!

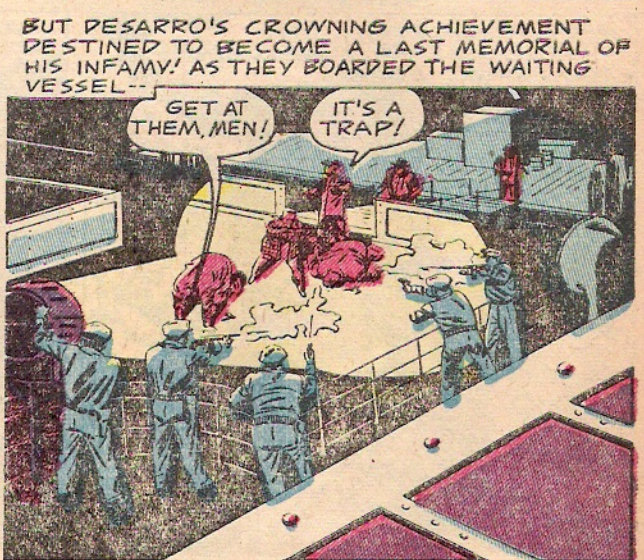


BADGE OF JUSTICE

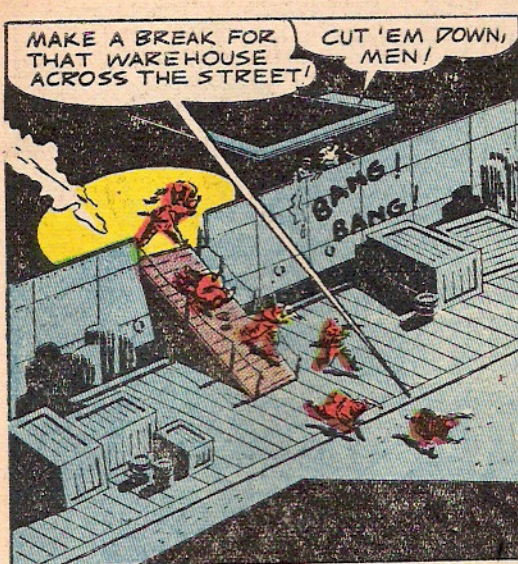


DESARRO'S COLD-BLOODED SADISM SEEMED ONLY TO INTENSIFY ITS MANIACAL URGE!

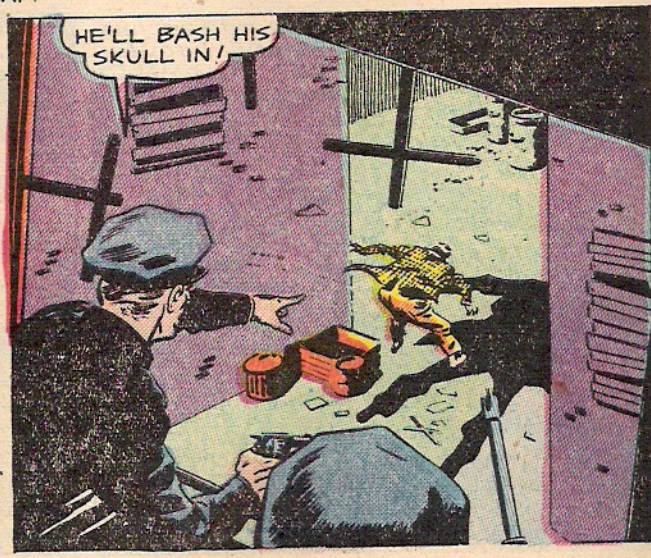
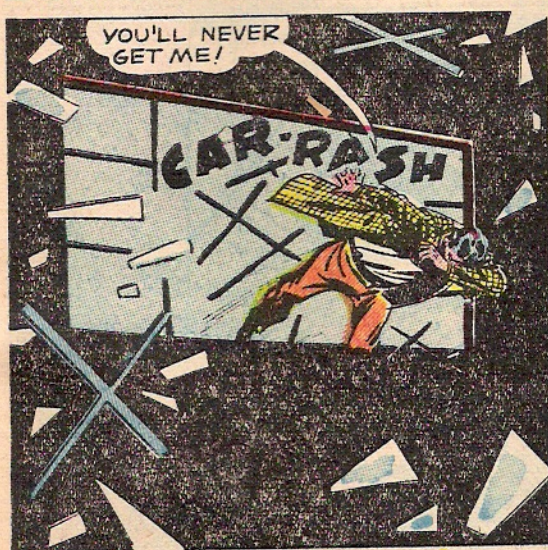
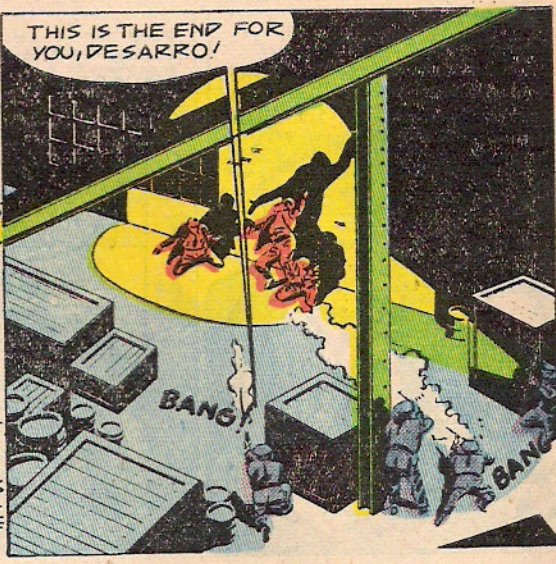
AS HIS DRUG RAIDS REACHED ALARMING PROPORTIONS, THE AUTHORITIES GREW CONCERNED ABOUT PUBLIC HEALTH! ON THE EVE OF ANOTHER PLANNED ROBBERY.



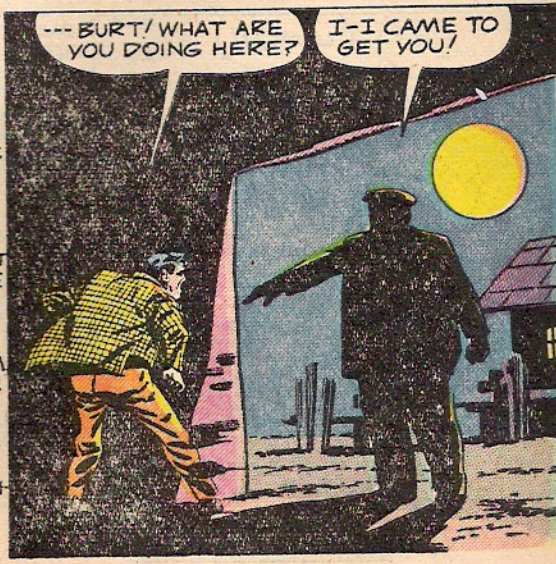
BADGE OF JUSTICE



UNDER THE SCATHING FIRE OF THE POLICE WEAPONS, PESSARRO AND HIS VICIOUS MOB FLED THE FATAL AMBUSH! BUT THE FORCES OF THE LAW ADVANCED WITH UNFLINCHING DETERMINATION! AT LAST—THE GANGSTERS WERE CORNERED LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!



THE MIS-SHAPEN ESCAPE ARTIST FLED AS FAST AND AS FAR AS HE COULD, HEADING FOR THE RENDEZ-VOUS THAT WAS TO BE THE OLD BARGE! BUT BEFORE HIM HE SAW A HUGE FORMIDABLE SIL-HOUETTE APPROACHING. HE RECOGNIZED



BADGE OF JUSTICE

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU RAVING ABOUT?

M-MY KID... SHE DIED! AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU FOR IT!



YOU'VE GONE CRAZY! OUT OF MY WAY!



SHE COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED BY THAT NEW WONDER DRUG YOU STOLE THE WHOLE SUPPLY OF! SHE COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED! DO YOU HEAR? Y-YOU MURDERED HER!

NO! NO! I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT

I--I'LL KILL YOU



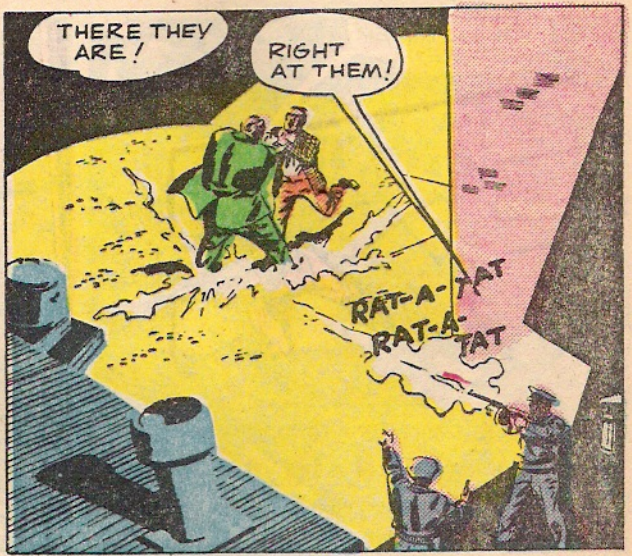
THE FORMER STRONG MAN'S TERRIFYING TEMPER ROSE TO A MADDENING PITCH! HE SEIZED DESARRO'S THROAT WITH HANDS THAT GRIPPED LIKE STEEL TALONS!



DIE! DIE! Y-YOU FIEND!

THERE THEY ARE!

RIGHT AT THEM!



RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT



G-GOT ME!

UHHH!

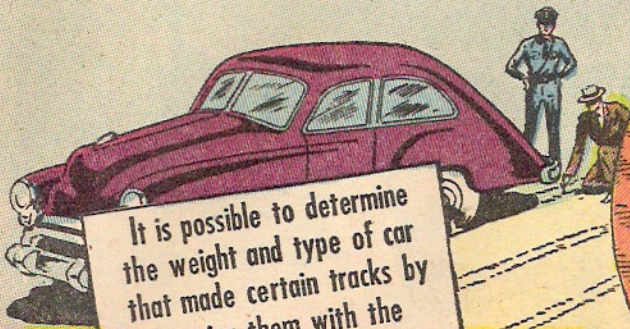
RATATTTATTAT-A TAT-ATT

BULLET RIDDLED AND LIFELESS, STRETCHED OUT ON THE DAMP COBBLE-STONES, NICKY TRI-SKIN-- OR DESARRO, THE HOUND OF CRIME, MET HIS INEVITABLE, VIOLENT END! FOR NO ONE CAN ESCAPE THE ALL-SEEING EYE AND THE FAR-REACHING ARM OF THE LAW.

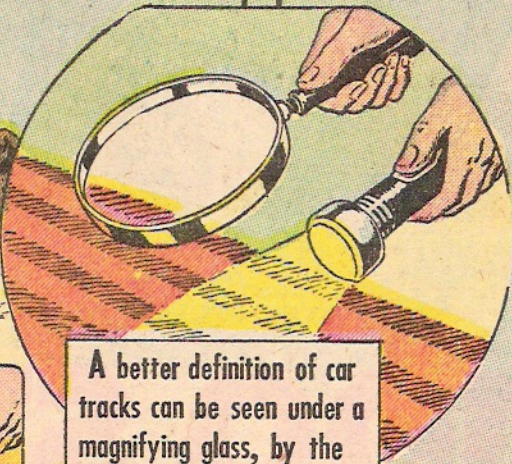


CRIME TRACKS

How criminals are trapped



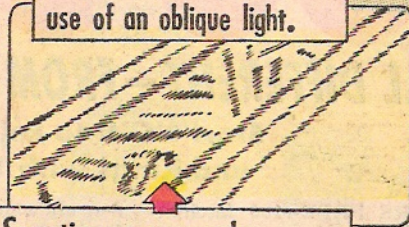
It is possible to determine the weight and type of car that made certain tracks by comparing them with the tracks of other cars



A better definition of car tracks can be seen under a magnifying glass, by the use of an oblique light.



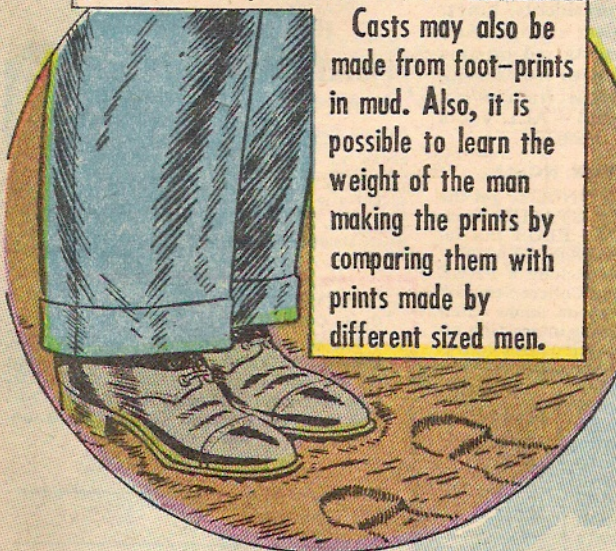
If it is necessary to preserve the characteristics of a tire track, a plaster cast may be made of it.



Sometimes a car can be identified by an injury to surface of the tire tread.

The direction a car has been travelling may sometimes be determined by the shapes of the oil drippings.

The designs of standard tire treads have been classified and numbered so that the treads of any make of tire can be quickly identified.



Casts may also be made from foot-prints in mud. Also, it is possible to learn the weight of the man making the prints by comparing them with prints made by different sized men.

